

BRITISH DRIVE GERMANS FROM BRICKFIELDS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1915

16 PAGES

One Halfpenny.

A DANISH PRINCESS IN
ENGLISH HOSPITAL.

ALLIES' HUGE WAR CHEST: BRITAIN,
FRANCE AND RUSSIA'S JOINT LOAN.



Princess Margaret of Denmark, photographed with a wounded soldier at one of the hospitals organised by the Grand Duchess George of Russia at Harrogate. A gramophone is playing.



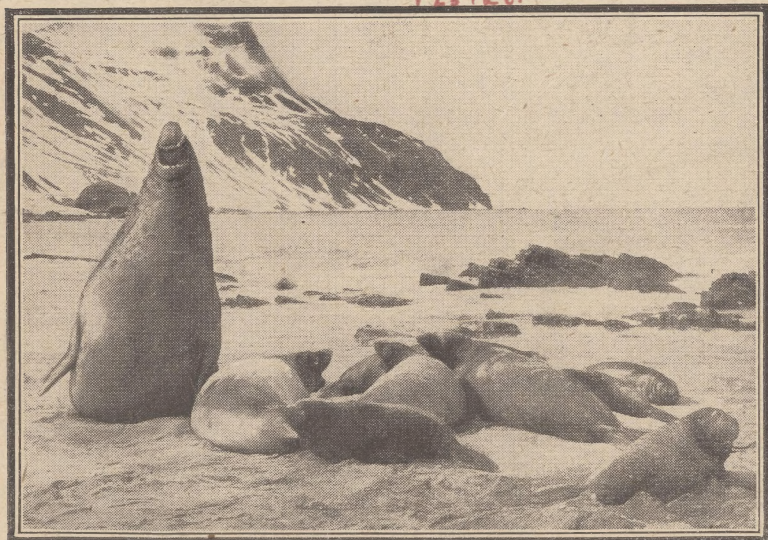
M. Bark.

M. Ribot.

Mr. Lloyd George.

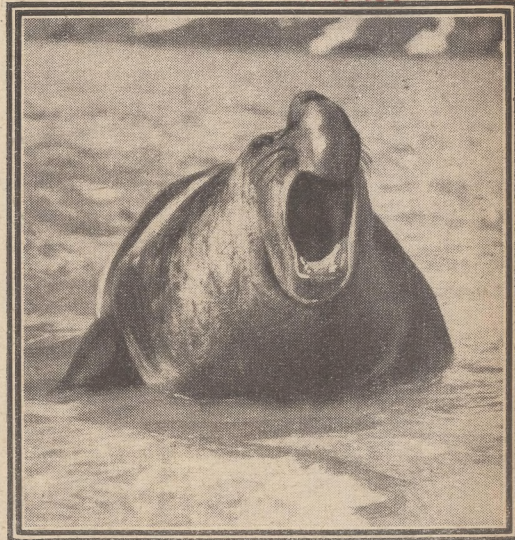
The historic meeting of the Ministers of Finance for France, Russia and England in the Cabinet of the French Minister, M. Ribot. The Ministers came to an understanding by which France, Russia and England will unite their financial resources to carry the war to final victory.—(Photograph, Wyndham.)

SEA ELEPHANTS WELCOME SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON ON HIS WAY TO THE SOUTH POLE.



A bull sea elephant and his many wives at Hund Bay.

News has come to hand of the Shackleton Antarctic Expedition. Everybody is well in the party, and great joy was experienced when the news arrived amongst the explorers that the German Fleet had been sunk off the Falkland Islands. These



The sea elephant welcomes the expedition.

photographs of primitive Antarctic inhabitants, taken by Mr. Frank Hurley, a member of the expedition, seem to show that Shackleton and his comrades are being cordially welcomed by sea elephants and such-like strange monsters of these regions.

HENRY DOBB

WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON W.

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ON THE LONESOME TRAIL AMIDST THE SNOWS TO THE SOUTHERN POLE.

P2312 R



A view looking across King Edward Cove to Mount Paget from Dousifell, one of the first pictures to reach England from Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition.

GERMAN TROOPS ON CHURCH PARADE.

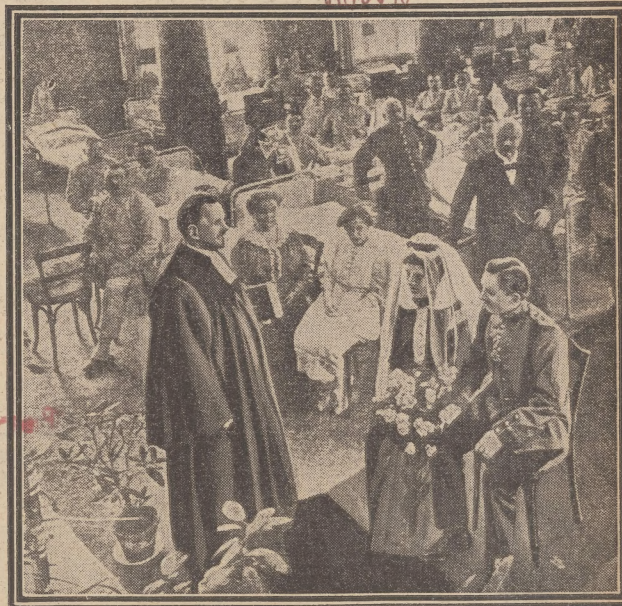
P2313 R



This photograph, taken in a Belgian town, shows large bodies of German troops at church parade on a recent Sunday. The Huns stick to their devotions no matter how many churches and cathedrals they destroy.

GERMAN WEDDING IN A HOSPITAL.

P2314 N



A wedding taking place in one of Germany's base hospitals. The bridegroom had only just recovered from his wounds. Note the beds around and the wounded in the background who, with the nurses, made up the congregation at this Lutheran wedding.

TWIN BABES FATHER HAS NEVER SEEN.

"Daily Mirror" Photograph Which Will Rejoice Soldier's Heart.

APPEAL FROM THE FRONT

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

DURLEY (Worcester), Feb. 6.—A pretty photograph of two blue-eyed, six-months-old baby boys, taken by *The Daily Mirror*, is now on its way post haste to Private A. Matthews, who is fighting at the front with the Coldstream Guards.

The babies are the soldier's twin sons whom he has never seen.

Though they cannot send a message themselves their photograph will speak for them. Combined with their mother's message, this is what the photograph will say:—

"Dear Daddy,—We are the twins. Do you like us? We hope you do, because we haven't been properly introduced yet. I am called Arthur, after you, as I was born first. My brother's name is Ronald, and, oh Daddy, I am so jealous—they say that he has your nose! My hair is dark and his is fair. All our love and kisses."

Private Matthews wrote to *The Daily Mirror* appealing for a picture of his boys, whom he is longing to see. The babies were born on August 22 last year.

When I called on Mrs. Matthews she was busily engaged looking after the twins—two of the smallest little boys one could wish to see. "They are so big and strong that people always think they are much older than they are," she said.

WEEKS OF SUSPENSE.

The babies were lying snugly in separate baskets of cushions by a bright fire when I was introduced to them, and both seemed supremely happy and contented.

Each clutched a wool-covered rattle and banged it vigorously as if striking at some imaginary foe.

Ronald agreed readily to being photographed, but Arthur had his own ideas on the subject, and could only be persuaded to glance at the camera for the briefest moment.

Mrs. Matthews said that the first few weeks of the war meant a time of terrible suspense for her, for although her husband left home she had a faint hope that the babies were born, they were nearly six weeks old before she heard if he was dead or alive and she had almost given up hope.

It was only a few months previously that Mr. and Mrs. Matthews had lost their first little baby boy. So Mrs. Matthews knew that her husband's anxiety must have been as great as her own.

TIRED OF MARITZ, THE FAILURE.

CAPTOWN, Feb. 7.—It is evident from private advices that the attack on Umpington by 1,200 rebels under Maritz and Kemp on January 25 was prompted by reasons of great necessity. The Germans, before Maritz's failure to bring in large numbers of rebels, broke off relations, and the last convoy sent by the rebels to the Germans for food supplies returned empty, as the result of which the rebels were practically starving for some days prior to the attack on Umpington.—Reuter.

PRETORIA, Feb. 6.—It is officially announced that a German force made an attack on Kakama, but was repulsed with a loss of nine killed, twenty-two wounded and fifteen men captured. The Union casualties were one man killed and two men wounded.—Reuter.

BELGIANS' WAR ROMANCE.

A romance of the war lay behind a wedding on Saturday at St. Polycarp's Roman Catholic Church, Farnham.

On the outbreak of war M. F. van Droegenbroeck, an engineer, joined the Belgian Flying Corps, and did most useful work, being commissioned by the King for his invention of a new kind of aircraft. Whilst flying at Nieuport his machine fell sixty metres and he was seriously injured.

In the meantime his fiancée had fled from Antwerp, and for a long time he could find no trace of her. Coming to London he found she was receiving hospitality at Farnham, where their nuptials were celebrated in the presence of many Belgian friends.

LIFEBOAT'S FIGHT WITH DEATH.

A terrible experience befel the Plamborough lifeboat crew, who on Saturday night put out in the teeth of a heavy gale to the rescue of a coasting steamer which had sent up signals of distress.

The lifeboat never reached the vessel, and it was feared she had been lost with all hands. But yesterday morning she turned up at the north landing, five miles from where she had been launched.

Telling the story of his boat's adventures, Coxswain Leng said that when half a mile from the vessel the lifeboat capsized, throwing several of the crew into the sea. They were hauled aboard by means of the hoisthook. Second Coxswain Major had four ribs broken and other members of the crew were seriously injured. Twice afterwards the lifeboat was swamped by mountainous seas.

The crew of the vessel to whose rescue the lifeboat put out are reported to be safe.

DRAMA OF WAVING HAND

Entrapped Sailor Saved from Slow Death by a Blacksmith.

"MY DARK DUNGEON."

A thrilling rescue of a man who was seen to be frantically waving a hand from the porthole of the Hull salvage vessel *Salvor No. 1*, which capsized in Peterhead Harbour, was effected on Saturday.

The rescued man was E. S. Riches, of Yarmouth, who had been imprisoned in the fore-castle of the upturned vessel.

As the boat lifted to the swell he could see the light through one of the portholes and he put out his hand and waved it. Every minute or so the boat dipped beneath the water, but when she lifted again he repeated his efforts to attract attention. This went on for three hours.

"I was dazed and practically gasping for breath," Riches continued, "when I heard tapping outside the hull and a voice said, 'Where shall I cut open the hull?'"

"I indicated this, showing him how to keep clear of the stanchions. It seemed hours before I knew anything else. There were fumes of acetylene gas blown into the vessel, and then someone gripped me by the neck and pulled me out of my dark dungeon, where for a time death seemed to be my only hope of release."

I found afterwards that my rescuer was Mr. McRobbie, a Peterhead blacksmith."

The latter's attention had been attracted by Riches' hand showing out of the porthole. He fetched from his shop a cylinder of oxygen and another of acetylene.

Standing neck deep in the water for almost an hour, he, with the aid of several assistants, cut through the double plate of almost 2in. thick, and amid cheers of thousands, rescued Riches, carrying him ashore.

Nine lives have, it is feared, been lost in the foundering of the steamer *Leiden Trader* off Penzance on Friday, including that of her skipper, Captain Paddy, of Dublin. The survivors were landed at Southampton on Saturday night from the Clyde boat *Toward*.

FOOTBALL UNDER FIRE.

British Soldiers' Songs of Victory to Mouth-Organ Music.

British soldiers at the front play football even when under fire!

This tribute to "Tommy's" contempt of danger, passion for sport and incurable habit of cheerfulness is contained in a descriptive account by "Eye-Witness," published last night. He writes:—

"The fondness of our soldiers for kicking about a football whenever they have a spare moment has often been noted. The troops in reserve close to the fighting line sometimes while away the time in this manner even when under fire."

After describing how the British fought their way along a German trench at La Basse, throwing hand grenades until they had dislodged the enemy from a considerable length, "Eye-Witness" continues:—

"Our men were in excellent spirits after this encounter, and on being relieved somewhat later marched back to their billets singing, to the accompaniment of mouth-organs and the roar of guns."

The appeal for mouth-organs for the troops uttered on December 28 was not made in vain. Hundreds of these instruments have been received from kindly donors, and the result can be heard on all sides.

Not only do cheerful sounds proceed from billets and dug-outs, but many of the detachments and small bodies of men moving from one point to another now march to the sentimental notes of "Tipperary" or the lit of "Get Out and Get Under."

DICKENS AT THE FRONT.

Wreaths of bay leaves lay on Charles Dickens's grave in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, yesterday—the 103rd anniversary of the great novelist's birthday.

"In these times of stress and anxiety the nation has reason to bless the name of the famous author," said one well-known literary man to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "People are reading Charles Dickens's works more today than they ever before."

"I know of several young soldiers who have taken slim volumes of 'Pickwick Papers,' 'David Copperfield,' or 'A Tale of Two Cities' out with them to the front, and then write home to say how cheering and soothing they find the great novelist."



On Saturday the King awarded medals to a number of brave sailors. A group taken after the members had left the Palace.

AT REVOLVER'S POINT.

London Architect and His Brother Held Up in the Alps.

LOOKING FOR GERMANS.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

NICE, Feb. 6.—The adventures of two British motor-ambulance drivers, who became lost in the Alps during the wildest of weather, have been told me by the drivers themselves, whom I met in a small café here.

The drivers were Mr. W. E. Ellery Anderson, a London architect, and his brother, Mr. G. B. Anderson, of Balliol College, Oxford, who offered their services to the Red Cross Society as drivers on the first day of the war. They had to take two British motor-ambulances from Boulogne to Nice.

They were misdirected, and after passing through Grenoble found themselves in the Alps. Their car overturned while climbing the pass *Croix Haute* (7,000ft.), which was 3ft. deep in snow.

After walking many miles they procured horses, and the ambulance was extricated.

During their descent they were suddenly confronted by two policemen, who held loaded revolvers at them.

The policemen explained they were looking for two Germans, dressed as British officers, who had stolen a motor-car.

The British drivers had some difficulty in getting permission to proceed, as the policemen were disappointed when they found the travellers were not the Germans, and were inclined to hold them as prisoners until the real offenders were caught.

After passing St. André, where they spent the night, they had another climb of 5,000ft. before they reached their destination.

HIS DEBT TO ENGLAND!

Man Who Owes His Life to British Embassy Arrives to Enlist.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 7.—The young Briton who has come to England to enlist out of thankfulness for the help the British Embassy in Washington gave him when he was falsely accused of murder arrived here yesterday in the *Lusitania*. His name is Thomas H. Lovegrove, and he is returning to his home near Newhaven after a bitter struggle for life and liberty.

About a year ago Lovegrove obtained employment at a box-making factory in Louisville, Kentucky. In September last he was wrongfully accused of murdering an aged Russian storekeeper named Benjamin Schneider.

It appears that some hours after Lovegrove had visited Schneider's shop to buy a shirt and chat about the war a powerfully built man entered and fired at Schneider, killing him.

The murderer fled, and Lovegrove was accused of the crime. He spent four months in an American prison, and was then placed on trial. The jury, however, returned a verdict of Not Guilty, and Lovegrove was discharged.

Strange to say, six of the jurors were German. The jury accepted as true the version of the defence that the murderer was a much bigger man than Lovegrove.

The real culprit, it is said, was in the court room when the verdict was announced, and would have given himself up, if the jury had decided to convict the young Britisher, rather than allow an innocent man to suffer.

Lovegrove personally thanked all the jury, and also went to Washington to express his gratitude to the British Ambassador, who had sent him £200 to help him with his defence.

"BULLY BEEF" FOR CARDINAL.

After a fortnight's visit to the front, where his object was to visit the various places in France in which Roman Catholic chaplains or regiments are located, Cardinal Bourne returned to London on Saturday.

On his journey the Cardinal lunched on "bully beef" and "hard tack," thus eating real war rations. He had, also, an opportunity of watching from a position just beyond reach of the shells, an artillery duel between the British and German guns, and witnessed shells bursting over the German lines.

On one occasion he spoke to three regiments in a church which had been subjected to shell fire.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Changeable; some showers; fine at intervals; normal temperature.

3D. DINNERS DESPITE WAR PRICES.

Workpeople's Restaurant Where Nothing Is Dearer.

SECRET OF CHEAPNESS.

Well-to-do restaurant proprietors who have put up the prices of their dishes "owing to the war" should get in a taxicab and drive to 47, Rosoman-street, Clerkenwell, where they will learn how to give their customers a good appetising entree and two vegetables for the sum of—threepence!

A year ago the little restaurant at 47, Rosoman-street became celebrated as the "Three penny Kitz," and hundreds of workpeople flocked there to enjoy the dinners sold at the uniform price of 3d.

To-day the dinners are sold at the same price, and they are just as good and substantial.

When *The Daily Mirror* called at the restaurant the proprietor, Mr. Jacob, was enjoying a rest after the midday rush of customers. Over the door of the shop was the notice, "No war prices."

"Nothing is dearer in this shop," said Mr. Jacob, proudly. "We have the same bill of fare as we had last year, the food is of just the same quality and we have no complaints from anybody.—How is it? Ah! a good many people have asked me that. See to-day's menu."

HOW TO BUY.

Written in big letters on one of the mirrors was the bill of fare. It included the following dishes:

Roast mutton.	Carried beef.
Steak pudding.	Curried mutton.
Beef à la mode.	Stewed beef.
Served with two vegetables.	Price 3d.
Jam roll.	Collops pudding.
Marmalade pudding.	Pudding.
Price 1d. per portion.	

"There's no denying that with the prices of foodstuffs dearer all round it is a bit difficult in times to serve up the same dinners for 3d. as I did before the war," said Mr. Jacob; "but so far I have managed to do it."

"The secret of the cheapness is to know where to buy the best meat and vegetables at the lowest possible cost and to vary the menu day by day according to the cheapest goods on the market."

"If mutton is dear I give my customers beef, and vice-versa. When certain vegetables are dear I serve up a smaller portion, but make up the deficiency with more potatoes or whatever is cheap. The same quantity of food is always given."

"For instance, the price of haricot beans has almost doubled itself since the war began. Naturally, I cannot serve up the same quantity of beans, but I make up for it with some other vegetable."

"I believe in the good old principle of 'what you lose on the roundabouts you make up for on the swings.' It is a bad policy to put up prices unless it is absolutely necessary."

THE KING AND SMILING DAN.

When Daniel Taylor, fisherman's apprentice, of Brixham, who helped to save survivors of the *Formidable*, came to Buckingham Palace on Saturday, smiling bashfully, the King asked how long he had been at sea.

"Just over twelve months, your Majesty," replied Taylor, still smiling. "And how old are you?" said the King. "Seventeen, your Majesty," replied Taylor.

"You are small for your age," said the King, pinning the Board of Trade silver medal for gallantry on his breast and giving him a voucher for £50, "but you have taken part in a very gallant deed, and I congratulate you." When Captain Pillar came up for his medal the King said:—

"I congratulate you most heartily upon your gallant and heroic conduct. It is indeed a great feat to have saved seventy-one lives. I realise how difficult your task must have been because I know myself how arduous it is to gybe a vessel in a heavy sea."

Captain Pillar's reward in money was £250. William George Edwin Carter, the second hand, and John James Clarke, the third hand, received £100 each.

MISS TERRY'S ONE REGRET.

New York, Feb. 7.—Miss Ellen Terry is coming to New York from Philadelphia in order to undergo an operation for cataract.

Miss Terry says she is not worried except for the fact that her knitting for the soldiers is being interfered with.—Central News.

MONTENEGRIN VICTORY.

Rome, Feb. 6.—An official message from Cetinje says that the Austrians yesterday attacked the Montenegrin army in Herzegovina. The Austrians were repulsed with very heavy losses. The same day the Austrians bombarded the forts of Gorazda and Grabovitz, on Mount Lovchen.—Central News.

EX-MPRET FIGHTS FOR KAISER.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 7.—The Berlin *Mittagszeitung* learns from the Austrian Press Bureau that Prince William of Wied, the former Mpret of Albania, has been attacked by the German troops fighting in the Carpathians.—Reuter.

LUSITANIA FLIES STARS AND STRIPES TO FOIL SUBMARINE PIRATES

Giant Liner's Dramatic Change of Flags on Nearing Irish Coast.

BLOW IN THE FACE FOR THE SEA HUNS.

Britain Asserts Right of Her Merchant Ships to Fly Neutral Colours.

AMERICA SEES NO CAUSE FOR PROTEST TO POWERS.

A straight hit from the shoulder is Britain's reply to the German programme of "frightfulness" at sea.

In an important statement issued last night by the Foreign Office it is revealed that Britain asserts the right of her merchant ships to fly a neutral flag when seeking to evade destruction.

One of the first British ships to reach a home port under a neutral flag is the great liner Lusitania.

After a voyage from New York she hauled down the British flag when nearing the Irish coast and hoisted the Stars and Stripes.

Then she made her way to the Mersey, passing near the spot where German submarines, a week ago, sank three merchant ships.

Such a ruse is perfectly legitimate.

Germany has no right, as the Foreign Office statement emphasises, to disregard the obligation upon a belligerent to ascertain the character of a merchant vessel before capture.

Britain has always considered the use of British colours by a foreign vessel as legitimate when used for the purpose of escaping capture. And the converse holds good.

"Nothing less than an act of piracy on the high seas," is the official comment on Germany's statement that she will destroy ships, non-combatant crews and cargoes.

LINER'S DASH HOME UNDER U.S. FLAG.

Passenger's Story of Lusitania's Pause While Union Jack Is Hauled Down.

Passengers on the Cunard liner Lusitania, which arrived at Liverpool on Saturday, were greatly surprised to find themselves, on the last day of the journey to England, under the American flag.

When she left New York the liner was British, but when she arrived in the Mersey she was flying a neutral flag.

"We flew the British flag all the way across the Atlantic," Mr. Mark Sullivan, the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, who was a passenger on board the Lusitania, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

But on Friday forenoon, just as we neared the Irish coast and while we were still in the Atlantic, the liner unexpectedly stopped.

The British flag was hauled down, the Stars and Stripes substituted, and the liner proceeded on her way.

There was no announcement—no ceremony. Passengers only noticed the change quite casually.

NO FLAG AT MASTHEAD.

Of course, the incident became a topic for conversation at luncheon, and rumours of the presence in the vicinity of German submarines were soon current, but no one was in the slightest alarmed or worried.

"The American flag flew at the stern of the ship, and there was no flag at all at the mast-head or at the bow."

"The captain of the Lusitania had apparently received some important wireless message which prompted him to change the flag," said another passenger on the liner.

"But whether, in changing the British for the American flag, he was acting on wireless advice from the British Admiralty or whether he hoisted the neutral flag on his own initiative is not known."

"PIRACY ON HIGH SEAS."

The Foreign Office statement is as follows:—The use of a neutral flag is, with certain limitations, well established in practice as a ruse de guerre.

The only effect in the case of a merchantman wearing a flag other than her national flag, is to compel the enemy to follow the ordinary obligations of naval warfare and to satisfy himself as to the nationality of the vessel and of the character of her cargo by examination before capturing her and taking her into a Prize Court for adjudication.

The British Government has always considered the use of British colours by a foreign

vessel legitimate for the purpose of escaping capture.

Such a practice not only involves no breach of international law, but is specifically recognised by the law of this country.

THE LAWS OF HUMANITY.

Under the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, it is enacted (section 69-1) as follows:—

"If a person uses the British flag and assumes the British national character on board a ship owned in whole or part by any persons not qualified to own a British ship for the purpose of making the ship appear to be a British ship, the ship shall be subject to forfeiture under this Act, unless the assumption has been made for the purpose of escaping capture by an enemy or by a foreign ship of war in the exercise of some belligerent right."

And in the instructions to British Consuls (1914) it is stated:—

"A ship is liable to capture if British character is improperly assumed, except for the purpose of escaping capture."

As we have in practice not objected to foreign merchant vessels using the British national flag as a ruse for the purpose of evading capture at sea at the hands of belligerents, so we should maintain that, in the converse case, a British merchant vessel commits no breach of international law in assuming neutral colours for the similar purpose if she thought fit to do so.

By the rules of international law, the customs of war and the dictates of humanity, it is obligatory upon a belligerent to ascertain the character of a merchant vessel and of her cargo before capture.

Germany has no right to disregard this obligation. To destroy a ship, non-combatant crew and cargo, as Germany has announced her intention of doing, is nothing less than an act of piracy on the high seas.

KAISER'S AGENTS BUSY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—The papers are prominently featuring a report that the Lusitania flew the American flag in the Irish Sea.

Washington Government officials declare that if this has been done it furnishes no ground for complaint.

German propagandists are strenuously utilising the report as an aid to their anti-British campaign.—Central News.

HOLD ALOOF FROM WAR.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—An editorial article in the *Sun* expresses the belief that it is of the greatest importance to the United States to hold aloof from war, and this result will be best accomplished by a frank statement on the American position to all belligerents.

"Therefore we believe," says the journal, "it to be the duty of the Secretary of State to notify the German Government that any attempt to interfere with American commerce or property conducted in any zone or waters will be resented with all the resources of this Government."—Reuter.

ALLIES TO POOL GOLD FOR HUGE WAR CHEST.

Military Resources Also To Be United in Order to Crush the Germans.

The Triple Entente has now become a Triple Alliance of Gold, for in order to crush Germany, Britain, France and Russia have taken the momentous and unprecedented step of deciding to unite their financial resources.

The following official announcement was made last night.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, accompanied by the Governor of the Bank of England and Mr. E. S. Montagu, returned on Saturday evening from Paris, where he proceeded at the request of last week for a conference with M. Ribot and M. Bark, the Finance Ministers of France and Russia on questions affecting the financial relations of the Allies.

At the close of the conference the following statement was communicated to the Press:—

"The Finance Ministers of France, Great Britain and Russia have met together at Paris to examine into the financial questions arising out of the war."

"They are agreed in declaring that the three Powers are resolved to unite their financial resources, equally with their military resources, for the purpose of carrying the war to a successful conclusion."

"With this aim in view, they have decided to recommend to their respective Governments to take over in equal shares the advances made, or to be made, to the countries which are now fighting with them or which may find themselves in the near future in a position to take up arms for the common cause."

The amount of these advances will be covered by the individual resources of the three Powers as well as by the issue at a suitable opportunity of a loan in the name of the three Powers.

"The question of the relations to be established between the Banks of Issue of the three Powers was the subject of a special understanding."

"The Ministers have decided to proceed jointly with the individual Governments which have occasion to make from neutral countries."

"They have adopted the financial measures necessary to facilitate Russian exports to the Allies, so far as possible, the parity of exchange between Russia and the other Allies."

"They have determined to meet again according to circumstances may require. The next conference will be held in London."

M. Bark, the Russian Minister of Finance arrived in London last night.

BRITISH FORCE FOE FROM A POST AT LA BASSEE.

Capture of Brickfield Held by Germans—Air Raid on Submarine Base.

PARIS, Feb. 7.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium the day of February 6 was quiet.

Between the canal and the Bethune road at La Bassee at a point to the east of Cuinchy, a brickfield where the enemy had maintained himself up to the present was captured by the British.

In the Arras sector to the north of Ecurie the German batteries bombarded the trench captured by us on the 4th inst., but there was no infantry attack.

Between Arras and Rheims there have been artillery duels, in which we have had the advantage.

In Champagne we have repulsed an attack launched by a half-battalion to the north of Beauséjour.

From the Argonne to the Vosges there have been artillery duels.

PARIS, Feb. 7.—The official communiqué issued this evening says:—

During the night of February 6-7 the enemy delivered several small attacks in the region of Neuport. All were repulsed.

No report has been received regarding today's operations, except for the bombardment of the northern quarter of Soissons.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 7.—The *Telegraaf* correspondent at Shlis says:—

Rumours of the evacuation of Mariakerke are untrue. Airman are showing activity. On Friday night two bombs were dropped on Zeelbrugge.

German airmen are frequently reconnoitring in the air and a battle is imminent in the next few days.—Reuter.

SAVED THE CHILDREN.



Police-constable Fred Drabble, who has received £10 from Sir John Dickinson, the London magistrate. He made three gallant attempts to stop a runaway horse in Kensington. While his action saved some women and little children, he was severely injured himself.

SAFER IN OUR LINES!

The following statement was officially issued at Constantinople on February 7.

No further fighting has taken place on the canal.

Besides Arabs, a number of Anatolian Turkish officers are deserting and giving themselves up to the British authorities. They are very disappointed over the failure of their attack on February 2.

Some deserters state that they attempted to rejoin their regiments, but saw the German and Turkish officers shooting runaways, so thought it safer to come back to the British lines.

During the recent fighting none of the enemy reached the west bank of the canal except prisoners and the four soldiers whose escape has already been notified.

No buildings in Ismailia were hit, nor did any shells go into the town; most of the enemy's shells dropped into Lake Tinsah.

CATTLE-HAULED FLEET.

A previous official announcement said:—Two chawishes of the 75th Turkish Regiment, captured at Tossoum, make the following statement:—

"Our division, the 25th, left Bir-es-Saba for Halir-el-Auja and continued its march in the desert until we reached Katab-el-Kheil, four hours' distance from the canal."

"We brought with us many boats, which were carried on cars and dragged by oxen and buffalo. At Katab-el-Kheil we were divided up into parties, each of which was ordered to attack a point on the Canal. Our party, composed of 500 to 600 men, was ordered to attack Tossoum."

"We came as far as the Canal bank, but we were met with a very hot and well-aimed fire, which caused a great many casualties, and then we were surrounded by troops from behind, and so were hemmed in and taken prisoners."

—Reuter.

DARDANELLES FORTS SHELLED.

ATHENS, Feb. 7.—Four of the Allies' torpedo-boats have bombarded the Turkish forts at Karatepe, in the Dardanelles, discharging 174 shells and setting fire to two ammunition depots. —Exchange.

RUSSIA'S VAST HAUL OF MEN AND GUNS.

One Army Corps Alone Takes 10,000 Prisoners—The Bold Breslau Bolts.

KAISER VISITS TRENCHES.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 7.—A dispatch from the Headquarters Staff of the commander-in-chief says:—

In East Prussia, in the Sheshupa Valley, our troops repulsed an attack by the enemy, who had received reinforcements.

On the right bank of the Vistula there were skirmishes on a wide front, all resulting in our favour.

Near the village of Nadroze the Cossacks attacked an enemy's squadron, which was supported by infantry, and captured twenty Hussars with their supplies.

Our Hussars at three o'clock in the morning dislodged the Germans at the point of the bayonet from the villages of Podlesie and Prodnary, capturing arms, ammunition and barbed wire.

A more important collision took place on the Serpitz Railway at Rypine, where we successfully delivered night attacks in the region of the village of Orzechow.

On the left bank of the Vistula, on the Bzura and the Rawka on February 5 the cannonade continued, but the enemy undertook no offensive operations.

BRESLAU'S LATEST EFFORT.

In the region of the village of Kamouy we took the offensive a little, and made progress, notwithstanding the enemy's stubborn resistance.

Our artillery bombarded with success a German column marching from Zemiany to Bolimoff. Their infantry took to flight, and they abandoned guns and machine-guns.

In the Carpathians fighting has been going on along the whole extent of the front. Our troops shattered the enemy's resistance at three fortified frontiers near Meso-Laborec, and pursued the enemy for a distance of several versts, capturing two guns, five machine guns, the commander of the 3rd Honved, forty-seven officers and 2,516 soldiers.

To the north of the Ujok Pass, near Lutowski the enemy was forced to retreat by our troops, who occupied the enemy trenches, and captured three machine guns and many prisoners.

The attacks by the enemy, who crossed the Tukiolka and Beskid Passes on the 5th, have been repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy, who was forced to retreat in disorder.

On the railway lines to Nadvornia, in the Bukovina, our troops, holding back the offensive of strong enemy forces on hilly positions difficult of approach, gradually fell back.

In the Black Sea our destroyers bombarded Khopa. The cruiser Breslau arrived on Saturday at Batum and fired twenty shots without result at our destroyers, which were manoeuvring there, but they were harmless.

After two shots had been fired by the fortress the Breslau made off.—Reuter.

AN ARMY CORPS' PRIZES.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 7.—An official communiqué issued this evening says:—

Notwithstanding the falling back of our troops in the Carpathians and the Bukovina the fighting there is proceeding in our favour.

On the 4th we captured about a thousand prisoners.

One of our army corps, to which was assigned the task of taking the offensive in the direction of Meso-Laborec, captured between January 26 and February 5:—

Eleven field guns, two mountain guns, two bomb mortars, twenty-two machine guns, an aeroplane, many telephones and arms, two commanders of regiments, more than 170 officers and more than 10,000 rank and file.—Reuter.

DEAD THREE FEET DEEP.

ROME, Feb. 7.—The *Messaggero's* special correspondent at Petrograd says that the fight between the Vistula and Rawka has assumed gigantic and unprecedented proportions.

The losses at some points are so numerous, states the message, that the bodies are piled up to a height of over three feet.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 6.—During the great battle which is raging round Borjoff the Germans tried to bring armoured motors into action, but they were repulsed.

Between Skorniwice and Bolimoff the Germans have brought 164-inch guns into play.

The German main efforts seem to have been directed on the junction of the Bzura and the Rawka. A captured German officer is reported to have said, "Gumine is the rock on which we split."

Near Gumine a force of German infantry, five deep, charged the Russian trenches. The first line was wiped out.

The second line reached the trenches. Those of the Germans who had not fallen began to surrender, but they only shared the fate of the rest of their comrades.

KAISER IN TRENCHES.

A Berlin official telegram, quoted by Reuter, says that the Kaiser has visited the trenches at Linsch in the hands of Gruszezy, east of Wloszczowa.

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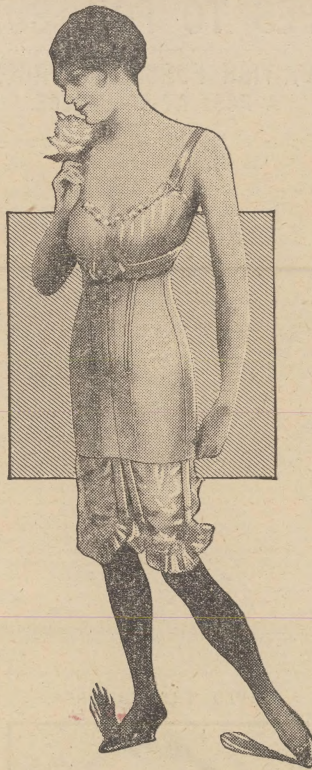
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88 YEARS' REPUTATION.

Mr. JAMES GOODWIN, of 207, Barry Road, East Dulwich, writes: "Nearly nine years ago I had Pleurisy and Inflammation. After four months' treatment the mischief in the right lung was still active. Then a friend introduced me at Coombe Lodge, and in six months my lung was healed. Since then I have had no serious lung trouble. When I get a cold, I at once resort to the Elixir with excellent results."

G. T. CONGREVE'S book on The Successful Treatment of Consumption, etc., sent for 6d. post free from No. 71, Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E. CONGREVE'S ELIXIR, of all Chemists, 1/3, 2/6, 4/6, and 11/- per bottle.

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Wonderful Scientific Discovery which Enables Everyone to Save Large Sums in Weekly Housekeeping.

Remarkable Offer to Enable Every Household to Test the Splendid Economic Advantages of "Seldomite," which, at a cost of 2/6 only, Makes One Ton of Coal go as far as Two.

The introduction of the wonderful chemical compound "Seldomite," which doubles the "life" of coal, or, in other words, cuts in half the coal bill, is resulting in something like a sensation.

At this time, when every penny of house-keeping counts, "Seldomite" proves a veritable blessing, for warmth is almost as important as food.

£10 SAVED DURING COAL FIRE SEASON.

Ladies are now finding that they are able to have in kitchen or drawing-room the brightest, cosiest and hottest fires they wish, and yet make one scuttful of coal treated with "Seldomite" go as far as two ordinary ones.

A saving such as this is, of course, greatly appreciated, all the more so because servants are pleased when "Seldomite" is used, for fires burn clearer, need less attention, and there is practically no waste, dust or soot.

No matter how small or large your coal bill, you can effect a wonderful saving by using "Seldomite," and if you use, say, one ton of coal a month, you can easily save from £10 to £15 during the coal fire season.

In order to give the public a most advantageous opportunity of testing "Seldomite" in their own homes, the proprietors have decided for a short while to send post free the full-size 4s. box (sufficient to treat one ton of Coal, Coke, Anthracite or Slack), with full directions, to all readers for only 2s. 6d. Orders and remittances, however, must be sent within the next few days. Five boxes will be forwarded (while this offer lasts) for only 10s.

A MOST REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

Already "Seldomite" has found thousands of users who appreciate its clearly and splendidly economical advantages, and testify to their appreciation by constant repeat orders.

Among the many thousands of delighted users of "Seldomite" are the following:—

The Viscount Elibank.

who writes—"I like 'Seldomite' as much as ever, and enclose cheque for a further supply. You can certainly make use of anything I have said in favour of 'Seldomite,' as I wish you every success."

The Viscountess Templeton.

who writes—"I have found 'Seldomite' most satisfactory, and will order more when required."

The Lady Swansea.

who writes—"Please send me five more boxes of 'Seldomite.' I was perfectly satisfied with the first trial box and think it excellent."

Lucy, Countess of Egmont.

who writes—"I am quite satisfied with the 'Seldomite.' Please send me a further supply."

Lady Richardson.

who writes—"I find 'Seldomite' very satisfactory in making a very bright and extra warm fire. It is also much cleaner than ordinary coal."

Lady Frankland.

who writes—"I have much pleasure in stating that I have found 'Seldomite' most satisfactory. It certainly makes the coal last much longer."

Lady Shelford.

who writes—"I find 'Seldomite' very satisfactory. The fires burn clear, last long, and retain the heat. In addition to this there is very little smoke."

Louisa, Lady Walker.

who writes—"I shall be obliged if you will send me eleven more boxes of 'Seldomite,' as I and all my family use it and find it quite excellent. The fires are bright, and the consumption of coal considerably less."

Lady Frances Bushby.

who writes—"You are quite at liberty to mention my name as using and approving 'Seldomite,' as I consider the results of the treatment very satisfactory."

Lady Mary Cayley.

who writes—"Having found 'Seldomite' very satisfactory in its results, I enclose remittance for a further supply to be sent by return."

Lady Eggar.

who writes—"Please send me a further supply of 'Seldomite' by return. I find it admirable for brightening up the fire."

Lady Isabel Stewart.

who writes—"I have been using 'Seldomite' on my coals for the last three or four weeks, and find a very great improvement. The coal lasts well, the fires are perceptibly much warmer, and when 'Seldomite' was not used I at once noticed the difference."

Priscilla, Lady Newnes.

who writes—"I find 'Seldomite' most useful. It causes the fire to burn very brightly and to send out much more heat than usual."

The Dowager Lady Pollen.

who writes—"By all means use my name as a satisfied user of 'Seldomite.' I am much pleased with it."

Sir John Bramston.

who writes—"You are at liberty to use my name as approving 'Seldomite,' as I find it quite successful."

The Rev. Canon Seaton, D.D.

Villa Loreto, St. Peter's-in-Thames, who writes—"Seldomite" has given great satisfaction, and the consumption of the coal has been considerably reduced."

Sir Edward Redford, C.B.

who writes—"Seldomite" possesses all the advantages it lays claim to and is of very considerable benefit. The preparation not only economises coal, but it also ensures an excellent fire. It is, moreover, clean, and gives out more heat in a room than a fire made without 'Seldomite.'"

Sir Charles A. Payton.

who writes—"I find 'Seldomite' very useful and economical. Coal treated with it burns well and slowly, giving good heat and very little ash."

The Rev. W. L. Shade.

Bruff Rectory, Kilmallock, Co. Limerick, who writes—"I found the 'Seldomite' very satisfactory, and it certainly makes the coal go much further."

Sir Robert Kennedy, K.C.M.G.

who writes—"I am perfectly satisfied with 'Seldomite,' as I find that it is conducive to cleanliness and economy, and that coal treated with the preparation burns a bright red and consumes the coal slowly. I have given some 'Seldomite' this year to my coachman, gardeners, etc., and they are much pleased with it."

The Hon. Mrs. Eric Thesiger.

who writes—"You are at perfect liberty to use my name with regard to praising 'Seldomite.' I am very pleased with it."

Colonel Fludyer.

62, Warwick Square, who writes—"I find that when using 'Seldomite' not only is there a great saving in the amount of coal used, but also that the coal treated with it gives out twice as much heat. In the kitchen range I find it saves quite one large scuttful of coal per day."

The Rev. Canon W. F. Pearce.

Prebendal House, Chichester, who writes—"I am more than satisfied with 'Seldomite.' It is a great economiser, and gives out much more heat than with coal alone."

The Rev. G. Lacey-May.

West Tisted Vicarage, Alresford, who writes—"I have tested 'Seldomite' both on household coal and on church coke, and consider it fully answers to your description as doubling the value of either coal or coke. I am delighted with it."

The Rev. W. J. Jobling.

St. Mary's Vicarage, Southwark, who writes—"Please send me eleven more boxes of 'Seldomite.' I have found it of excellent value, and am using it amongst my parishioners."

"Seldomite" is easily used, and is alike suitable for factory, hospitals, schools, clubs, kitchen, greenhouse, drawing-room, or dainty flat. It does not smell; there are no fumes. It is perfectly healthy. Indeed, no one knows that it is in use, except that the fire burns consistently, warmly, cosily and brightly without any attention.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1915.

HUGENESS AND STALENESS

WE MET ON Saturday a Person who was like all other people in the now general similarity of war-comment. This universal or typical Person remarked: "Will it never end? I do not see why it ever should. Nothing happens. Stagnation. Deadlock. Everybody is 'stale' with waiting." And a young soldier of the company added: "We are dreadfully 'stale' down at —. If we don't get off soon we shall go to the bad." His way of expressing "staleness."

And then, with "nothing happens" and "staleness" ringing in our ears, we happened to glance at a newspaper and found therein hints and rumblings about the huge carnage in Poland, the thousands and thousands hurling themselves upon one another in the fight for Warsaw. We read next of a world-blockade intended for England—a bit of bluff renewed on Napoleonic lines, with no bigger prospect of success certainly, but conceived in a Titanic spirit of rage. And Britain meanwhile was and is encircling the seas, and enforcing, with whatever leakages, a genuine blockade on them; and with the other blockade, or with our own, every neutral nation all over the universe is concerned, so that you have them pining and fretting and speculating just as anxiously as any of ourselves how long it will last. Next, over there in Paris, a conference of the united races against Germany—a gigantic financial conference—is in sitting, with enormous totals of world-staggering figures being tossed up as though they were pence, the foreshadowed result of such deliberations being the plan of a central pooling of all those allied millions, as a new battery against central Europe, where, in a line from sea to central sea, the greater part of Europe's available manhood stands still, or momentarily sways to and fro at the bidding of one leader or another.

What a newspaper budget for one day! Could it have been even vaguely dreamed of a few months past? Yet people say—and our typical Person said it—that "nothing is happening." It is "stale." How are we to reconcile these world-shattering things with "staleness"?

Only, we may venture to hint, by pointing out the known monotony of modern warfare on a huge scale, and the acknowledged sameness of big events seen under one sullen glimmer of fire and devastation. It is huge and it is horrible. It is of a size and aspect unprecedented in any of our lives. Yet it is also, in an odd way, dull and devoid of any diversified significance, since *we must win* is the one phrase on lips and in hearts of all the fighters, and on the lips too and in the hearts of all the watchers, and what separate emotion or distinct character for them or for us can the innumerable intervening incidents have?—the means to the end each views as inevitable? Nothing happening? You cannot say that nothing is happening when everything conceivable except rest and quietness is happening everywhere: you can only say that what happens from day to day, however huge, brings only a sense of sameness to nerves strained up to expectancy.

Everything happens and nothing seems new and "staleness" passes over the mood of those getting ready and those waiting. This will pass and a new excitement will follow. But it may be useful to take the testimony of our typical Person, and of our authentic soldier-letters and soldier-speeches, to prove that modern war, with all its vastness, is dull as well as dreadful. By so seeing it stripped of its once gaudy coverings, remote from the romantic brutality of German dreams about it, Europe may be the better nerved for its task of putting an end to it, at least until this lesson is forgotten and a new generation has to learn it over again. W. M.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE MODERN PLAGUE.

WITH REFERENCE to "W. M.'s" interesting remarks on the apparent impossibility of escaping our annual scourge of influenza, may I be allowed to say that the wily microbe may be circumvented by sprinkling a few drops of oil of eucalyptus on a handkerchief and inhaling it either after having been brought in contact with a victim or if one notices any suspicious symptoms?

I may say that I have proved this by experience. NON-FLU.

MAN v. NATURE.

THUS your correspondent "Reason": "Man has reason and intelligence, Nature neither."

poses are always right, will fight for the righteous cause and will prove again the fallacy of the statement by "W. D. S." that "victory goes to the side putting the best forces in the field, quite irrespective of the righteousness or otherwise of their cause." T. J. LINCKAR.

IS HE "SAVED"?

THERE is a young man from India in this neighbourhood. I know it is my duty to save his soul from "idolatry."

He never smokes or drinks, he says, "heathen" though he is; these are sins forbidden by his gods.

Instead of talking cuppies and spending all his leisure attending football matches, he spends his spare time from study at the museums.

BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES' CAREER AS PIRATES.



They are declaring imaginary bluff-blockades and war to the knife against everybody. It is probable, however, that their punishment will be anything but imaginary.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

Such a sentiment leaves one gasping for breath. Yet, perhaps, Nature does make some very serious mistakes sometimes, such as, for instance, "Reason," who can hardly deny that he is a product of Nature. J. T. H. J.

I THINK "W. D. S." in his letter shows very strongly what, I think, is the rock upon which everybody in these days splits. We all seem to think and act as if we thought that the world and all that is in it were specially and only made for man, and that man were free to do just as he pleased and were not to be held responsible for the results of his acts. Mr. Robinson, in his "Forewarned," is much more to the point.

Mankind has to learn more perfectly that the world and all it contains—man included—was made for God's purposes, and a great deal of God's work has to be carried out by man. His free will allows him to choose whether he will carry out that work or not, but he is in no way protected from the results which will certainly follow his refusal to do so. Prayer to God should be for help to carry out His will at all cost and that we may be accepted as His chosen instruments to do it. Then God, whose pur-

The other day he, instead of stamping on a mouse, let it escape, as he said his gods punish those who kill animals.

Now, if this young man is "saved," and learns there is no sin in smoking, killing animals, or drinking liquor, he will be just like other men. I grieve to say it is his heathenism which makes him so much nicer! BELINDA.

WIND ON THE LYRE.

That was the chirp of Ariel you heard, as overhead it flew. The farther going more to dwell, And wing our green to wed our blue; But whether note of joy or knell, Not his own Father-singer knew; Nor yet can any mortal tell. Save only how it shivers through: The breast of us a sounded shell. The blood of us a lighted dew. —GEORGE MEREDITH.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Happiness is the result of our own energy and cannot be poured upon the soul, and is almost independent of circumstances: it is made by us, not for us.—F. W. Robertson.

WAR MARRIAGES.

Sentiment That Brings Young People Together in the Great Crisis.

MARRY AND RISK IT.

WHAT sort of man is he who would rob us of the sentiment of marriage? One would imagine that "Bachelor" was never born of a woman, Are we to be as soulless, as unsentimental as the hordes of the "cultured" Kaiser? Who dares oppose the holiness of marriage by the "brutality" of militarism?

Let our brave soldier wed the woman of his choice, and, if he should fall in the fight, let "Bachelor" and others take upon their shoulders the maintenance of his wife and child.

Let "Bachelor" and others thank their gods, whoever they may be, that England still has brave men and women who do not shrink in fear of matrimony, even in face of heavy odds. F. G. B.

SOME OBJECTIONS.

HAVING read your recent correspondence on "Love and War," I should like to make a few observations from the soldier's point of view.

1. Marriage means union; war entails separation. Then, why seek to join yourselves in matrimony when circumstances call upon you to separate?

2. A soldier may be in a position to marry on his salary in civil life, but if he returns disabled and incapacitated from following his former avocation, will his pension be enough to stand the strain of married life?

3. Marriage brings responsibility and anxiety, while a soldier should be able to devote his whole thought and energy to the business in hand.

4. Before marrying one ought to be able to look at least some years ahead. Is it fair on either party to take so grave a step when they cannot foresee what even a few months may bring forth?

5. Marriage in these circumstances becomes a mere ceremony. The mode of life of both parties must of necessity remain the same. Is this the ideal of married life?

This is the case from a common sense point of view. The case from the point of view of sentiment has been presented by your correspondents. HORSHAM. SOLDIER.

ADAM AND EVE AGAIN. HOWEVER good women's influence may be in some things, it is hopelessly bad in matters of love and marriage, simply tending to ruin the man who is enslaved.

We trace this from the days when Eve threw Adam out of the garden of Eden, when a woman betrayed strong Samson, when Jezebel made her name a byword, when Cleopatra ruined Antony, and a vast host of great Napoleons were nearly ruined to death by his matrimonial troubles. Therefore my advice for young men who want a "war wedding" is—let her want. HISTORIAT.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 7.—Now that violas are so wonderfully popular, pansies are apt to be neglected. But a bed of these flowers makes a grand show in the garden. I wanted for summer blooming pansies should be sown in August outside; they then make strong plants before winter comes.

Seed may also be sown in boxes under cover at this date. When the little plants are large enough they should be pricked out into boxes and set out late in the spring. A fine display will then be obtained throughout the autumn. E. F. T.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of "Big and Little Willies." There could be no better present for people at home or at the front. It costs 6d. net, at all newsagents and book stalls.

FACTORY TURNED INTO HOSPITAL.

Q. 11910 W



This is part of a once busy cloth factory in France, which, in common with churches, theatres, cinema palaces and other places, has now temporarily been transformed into a hospital for wounded soldiers. This hospital is used by both the French and British services.

A SUSPECT.

P. 11909 E



A "suspect" who, on account of suspicious conduct, has been arrested by British troops in France. He is on his way to an "inquiry office."

BRAVE SKIPPER.

P. 16994 U



Skipper James Collin, decorated by the King for navigating his boat into a minefield and rescuing men from submarine D5, which had struck a mine.

CHOLERA A

Q. 11909 A



Cholera is making terrible ravages in the every day from this dread disease. The sun with uplifted hand, is blessing them. The

A LITTLE KHAKI PAGE AT DOUBLE "HARLEQUIN" WEDDING.

P. 16973

P. 16973



Master Fred Ward, the military page in regulation uniform at the wedding of F. M. Stoop, the famous Harlequin footballer.



Mr. J. Maitland and Miss Stoop. Lieut. Stoop and Miss Bartlett. The double wedding of Lieutenant F. M. Stoop and his sister, who married Mr. John E. Maitland at Byfleet on Saturday.

TWO BRAVE BRITISH POLICEMEN.

P. 16974

P. 16974



Ex-Constable Price, an expert linguist, formerly of Marylebone Police Station, has been given a commission in the Army.



Acting-Sergeant H. Edwards, formerly a police constable, has been awarded the D.C.M. for capturing a house from the Germans.



Austrian soldiers with a straw mat. They are carrying it trench, where straw mats are used to keep the troops warm.

AUSTRIA.



00 men are now said to be dying
re seen at prayer, while a priest,
ans and priests, who attend them

9251A



e ground being too hard for the Austrians to dig
ches they build coverings of straw and wood.

ENLISTED.

9691D



Kim, a handsome retriever, deserts his home whenever he sees soldiers on the march and follows the regiment. It may be said that he has enlisted

KILLED FLYING.

916976



This is the only photograph in England of W. T. Sharpe, the enthusiastic young airman who was attached to the Canadian Flying Corps. He was killed at Shoreham.

ANOTHER MILITARY WEDDING.

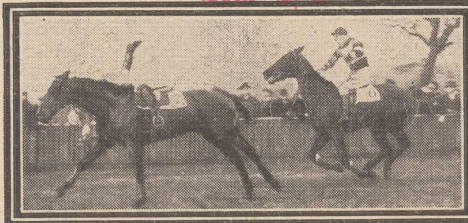
P. 16969



The wedding of Captain L. S. Smithers to Miss Grace O'Meara at Westminster Cathedral on Saturday. Captain Smithers is in the 17th Infantry Regiment. Since the war broke out there has been a perfect epidemic of military weddings all over the country. Many have taken place at the shortest notice.

THE KING'S JOCKEY FALLS OFF.

Sept 147 E



T. Hulme, the King's jockey, diving off the saddle of Fleeting Peace in the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, Sandown.

"MOTHER JONES."

P. 169716



"Mother Jones," the famous American strike leader, was invited to call on Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the millionaire.

BRAVE COMRADE.

P. 16973



Corporal A. E. Pinchin, a Monmouth Territorial, has gained the D.C.M. He left a trench to assist a wounded comrade.

INSPECTING RED CROSS.

P. 34



M. Cambon, France's Ambassador to Great Britain (X), has been busy lately inspecting the British Red Cross motor ambulances. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

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JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

"She is a woman, therefore, may be won."

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly.

His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "I've found out all about her," he says excitedly.

"Her name is Jean Delaval. She is a governess to the Hestons and has refused an offer of marriage from young Heston, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven tells Derek that he has fallen wholeheartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench continues to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is looking at her too quickly—that he is looking at her too cheaply.

Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity. One night he asks Jean Delaval to marry him. She knows that in him she has met the man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Creswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff.

Ashley Creswick confesses to his wife that he has rebuffed Lionel Craven. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Creswick. The situation is a critical one. Jean Delaval cleverly manoeuvres Fay into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Creswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement, she cables to young Heston saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

One day when Fay is out a man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her first husband, Paul Schroder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa. He believes it, and goes on his way.

Returning to his brother's, he finds a girl standing by his private safe. He cannot mistake her. "You, Jean, the girl who married me!"

She tells him, amongst other things, that it is quite untrue about her ever wanting to go back to South Africa. He is called out of the room for a moment, and when he returns Jean has vanished.

Trench finds out that the Creswicks are playing a double game, and that Lionel Craven is the victim of the game. Believing this, Ashley gives them the cheque for £5,000. Lionel and Derek go off to Southampton, ostensibly for Africa, but really for London to find Jean.

Derek calls at her house and sends his name in.

DEREK AND JEAN.

"DEREK TRENCH!" Jean repeated the words wonderingly and went slowly down the stairs with the name on her lips.

Although her mystified father gave her hand-lady the impression that the visitor was an unknown stranger, the girl remembered him only too well.

Perhaps there was no one she had met who had left a clearer or more vivid impression on her—Lionel excepted—and though she associated him painfully with the man she loved, she was probably more glad to see him than anyone she could have thought of.

She believed she knew why he had come. Lionel, of course, had told him everything that had happened, had obtained her address from Ashley Creswick and had sent his friend down as an emissary. On her way to the sitting-room downstairs she had time to feel some surprise at this. It was not like the action of a man who was certainly never deficient in moral courage. Yet there was so glad that she breathed a sigh of relief.

There was so much she wanted to say, so many explanations she craved to make. She knew in her heart she had not acted fairly to Lionel Craven. Yet she could not bring herself either to write or to tell him. If he chose to use her—Lionel's—name as a go-between she would do the same. When she entered the room Derek was engaged in a concentrated examination of one of those extraordinary ornaments to be found nowhere but in seaside apartments, consisting of a china windmill with green sails which revolved on a pin.

Jean came in so quietly that he failed to notice her. He was holding the toy in his left hand, and solemnly turning the sails with the forefinger of his right. She watched him with

a smile of keen amusement—a smile pathetically in contrast of her face. The sails stopped twisting the sails and looked up and saw her. He rose with some confusion to his feet.

"How long have you been standing there?" he asked.

"Oh, ever so long," Jean replied.

"And from the look on your face I imagine you've been enjoying it," he said. "I wonder why a woman always likes so much to see a man make a fool of himself?"

"It's always nice to see people natural," she answered.

Jean forced a note of gaiety she was far from feeling. Her heart was thumping miserably with dismal foreboding. It was natural to fall into badinage with Derek Trench, and she unconsciously took refuge in it from the torture which she knew was coming.

"I suppose I told myself open to that," he retorted. "To tell you the truth, Miss Delaval, I was wondering why people should like the trouble to make things like this." He picked up the china windmill. "They're neither useful nor beautiful."

"Well, after all, Mr. Trench, that can be said of most of us."

Derek laughed. "Now you've got me again," he said. "But I haven't come to listen to compliments."

"Sit down, Mr. Trench. I was just going to ask you that. Why have you come? You know I'm always glad to see you, but I'm right, am I not, in saying this is not an ordinary social call?"

"Quite right, Miss Delaval. Business, strict business. I am an ambassador."

Something in her eyes warned him that he was going too far with his banter, and he pulled himself up with a start.

"Don't take any notice of my funny ways," he said. "When I am serious I'm always perfectly straightforward, and I'm so serious now if ever a man was in this world. I have got Lionel outside."

He saw the faint crimson tinge come to her cheeks.

"Outside!" she echoed miserably.

"Well, when I say 'outside,' I mean down here in Folkestone. I've left him marching along the Leas as if he were waiting for a wagger."

Jean shook her head slowly. "I quite appreciate your coming," she said, "but it's no good. I have told him that."

"You've told him very little from what I can see; certainly not enough to discourage a man who is prepared to give up everything for you."

"I have told him as much as I can. He must take my word for that. What has he sent you to say?"

"He didn't send me at all. It was I who insisted on coming to see Lionel's good chap, Miss Delaval, but he's a born bungler."

"And didn't he want you to ask me what I was doing at Kensington, and why I ran away?"

"Did you run away? He said nothing about it."

"And nothing about his brother's safe?" There was a wealth of bitterness in the tone of her question, as if she were lashing herself with some secret shame.

"You're talking Greek to me," Derek replied. The smile still remained on his face, but there was a hardness in the eyes which contradicted it.

"Can't we get to the bottom of all this?" he said. "I am sure there's some conspicuous misunderstanding which we could clear up with a little frankness."

Jean looked at him curiously. The flush of shame still burnt on her cheeks. It was hard to believe that Lionel should not have told such a close friend all he had discovered, and yet she could not believe those honest blue eyes held anything but the truth.

"But I never exactly what you know then," she said at last, "and I'll try to fill up the gaps."

Derek pondered for a moment. "Well, then," he began, "I know you promised to marry Lionel; I know that about a week after he returned he received a letter from you asking him to forget all about it. I'm right so far, am I not?"

Jean nodded. "Very well," he continued, "I know also, that your father has got into the clutches of his brother, Ashley Creswick, the moneylender, and that you stand in grave danger of being ruined unless you can find the money."

"How do you know that?"

"I make no secret about it. I met Mrs. Macdonald, who, you will remember, travelled home with us."

"Her information is always accurate," said Jean sarcastically.

"Quite so; but we have more important things to discuss than her sources of information. What I want to impress on you is that up till yesterday Lionel was so completely in the dark about your connection with his brother that he didn't even know Creswick was a moneylender. You can imagine his surprise, therefore, when he met you in their house at Kensington."

Jean bit her lip, but beyond a little bow of acquiescence made no sign. Derek went on.

"Now for the mysterious part of it," he said. "Someone—I won't hazard any guess as to who it was—but someone had a strong motive for wanting to get Lionel out of the country, and so strong was that motive that not only was a faked report prepared stating that you had sailed for Africa, but the interested parties even went to the expense of booking a second-class passage to Durban in order that your name might appear on the passenger list."

"Yes, he told me that."

"Very well, Lionel, thinking you had gone also booked a passage by a Union-Castle steamer

sailing to-day. That, my dear Miss Delaval, would give you the measure of his affection for you."

"Please don't, Mr. Trench!" she entreated. "Tell me all the facts, but don't, don't make it harder for me to bear!"

"I'm sorry," he said. "But I want you fully to understand what a wreck you are making of a man's life. Just one thing more, Miss Delaval. In order to find out what the game is Lionel has let me understand that he has sailed to-day for Africa."

"I WILL COME NOW."

THERE was profound silence for a minute.

"There is only one thing I want to say, Mr. Trench," said the girl at last. "Lionel evidently hasn't mentioned it, and I respect him for it, but I know what he must think and I want you—if ever the opportunity occurs—to make him see I am not so bad as he believes."

"Bad?"

"Oh, yes, bad. He thinks I am a common thief—please don't interrupt me. When he came so unexpectedly into that room at Kensington he found me shutting the door of his brother's safe."

Derek looked up quickly, and the smile faded from his face. "Why were you doing that?" he asked.

"I wasn't taking anything from the safe. Oh, please believe that, Mr. Trench. I saw an opportunity of returning some papers belonging to Mr. Creswick; papers which had fallen into my father's hands; papers which contained a list of names, and I believe which my father was holding over his head."

"What secret?"

"Oh, I don't know. I only know that we had no right to them. It was trying to get them without being seen when Lionel caught me in the act."

Derek inclined his head gravely and in his eyes there was a faraway look which the girl misinterpreted.

"You don't believe me!" she exclaimed, with a sob of passion.

"I do, indeed I do," he said, looking up quickly. "every word. You've set me wondering about that?"

"Wondering what connection a secret has with Creswick's determination to get his brother out of the way."

"I was Creswick, then, who booked the passage in my name?"

"As I understand it, yes. It's one of the things we must clear up, but, as far as I can see, there's no doubt about it."

"Does it matter?" she asked wearily. "We are only beating the wind."

"Of course it matters, Miss Delaval. I'm not going to stand by and see you and your father ruined, and Lionel made miserable for life, just for the want of a word or two of frank explanation."

"It's good of you," she began; but he interrupted her gaily.

"Not a bit of it. I'm quite an interested party. Don't you comprehend that, according to all human probability, I have got to beat out the best of my life with that man, and so you suppose it's a prospect which gives me any assurance of anticipating being shut up with a sourd, broken-hearted misanthrope?"

"It is good of you," she said—and she spoke as if the tears were not far off and she spoke as Mr. Trench, it's too late. What I have done is irrevocable."

"And what have you done?" he asked.

"Don't ask me," she entreated.

"I'm sorry—more than sorry—marry Lionel. I'm sorry so much that I can't take it so much to heart; but he is a man and will get over it in time."

"But you'll meet him?"

"No, no. Spare me that. What good can come of it? I can only go on repeating what I have said to you. It will be painful for both of us, more even for me than for him."

"I quite understand," answered Derek, "although I can't get for the moment out of my decision you have made so irrevocable as to part you for ever, unless," he added quickly, "you have married. Have you?"

Jean shook her head slowly with a sad smile.

"No," she answered.

She would have told him the truth, would have explained that she had summoned a man from Africa to be her husband, but that she wished to spare Lionel the cruellest sorrow.

"Then, about that," said Derek, "I can't see what insuperable barrier there is to making you both happy."

"How could I be happy," she asked, "with my father ruined, and my brother in prison? Can't you see that I can only achieve my own happiness by killing him?"

(Continued on page 13.)

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Hoffmann.

I think the revival of "The Tales of Hoffmann" will be a conspicuous success at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Mr. Robert Courtneidge has done wonders with his operatic chorus, tuned it up to musical comedy pitch, in fact, and made it work. There was tremendous enthusiasm in the theatre on Saturday night by a music-loving audience.

Clever Artists.

Mr. John Harrison made a capital Hoffmann. He has a fine voice and is more presentable than the average artist in opera. Miss Nora D'Argel won a great ovation for herself. This young artist hails from New Zealand. By the way, "Tales of Hoffmann" seems to be peculiarly popular with the Japanese. There were dozens at the Shaftesbury on Saturday night.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller.

An American friend who arrived in London on Saturday—expecting, by the way, to find London in something like the state of siege, he is almost disappointed—tells me that the States has been greatly perturbed lately over the illness of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. Mrs. Rockefeller is seventy-five years old, and, naturally, an illness at that age causes anxiety. She was a Miss Laura C. Spelman before she married, in 1864, the young man who was just beginning to take a big interest in the oil industry and who is now the famous multi-millionaire "John D."



Mrs. J. D. Rockefeller.

reckoned to be one of his most trusted advisers. Nobody quite knows how much Mr. Rockefeller is worth—£150,000,000 is a figure often quoted. America teems with stories of the millions he has made or the millions he has given away.

Lucky Small Boy.

One of the favourite ones is of a small boy at a Baptist Sunday-school. The multi-millionaire was visiting the school one afternoon, and in his honour one of his favourite hymns was sung. This particular small boy sang the hymn with so much feeling that Rockefeller was "moved to tears." At any rate, he was moved to generosity, for he immediately inquired who the lad was, and shortly afterwards wrote a cheque for him sufficient to pay for a first-class education.

Queen Alexandra and the Willies.

I wandered in for a few minutes to laugh once again at Mr. Haselden's famous "Willies" when I was passing the Dudley Galleries on Saturday morning. Mr. Haselden has an exhibition of his *Daily Mirror* cartoons there, and I was told that on the previous day Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria had been among the visitors, and had laughed most heartily at the inimitable drawings.

A Favourite of Princess Victoria.

Of the many cartoons in the exhibition several appealed especially to the royal visitors. One in particular was "The Willies' New Year Resolutions," in which we are shown the War Lord and his son lying snug beneath comical-looking, bulky eider-downs and drawing up a fresh set of "frightful" resolutions for 1915. Princess Victoria was intensely amused by this cartoon, and was at some pains to draw the attention of Queen Alexandra to it.

Royal Visitors' Favourite.

"Too Much Goose Step," whereby the Prussian eagle is converted into something remarkably like a goose, the distribution of Iron Crosses among lying German journalists until only one of a great heap is left, and the utter failure of the Willies, riding on a Zeppelin, to impress John Bull with the meaning of "frightfulness" by dropping bombs upon him—these delightful drolleries of Mr. Haselden also provoked many smiles from Queen Alexandra and the Princess. At the conclusion of the visit, which lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, her Majesty gave instructions for two copies of the book containing a specially selected number of the cartoons to be sent to Marlborough House.

The Ill Wind.

That classic ill wind again. The fortune of war that has deprived Londoners of so many of their omnibuses is proving a boon to one small section of the community. I was enlightened—by accident—on a motor-omnibus the other afternoon. There was a small and rather grimy boy in the omnibus who seemed to possess an unnatural desire to give up his seat to standing passengers. He was so anxious and so punctilious in his phrase—always the same—"Won't you take my seat, madam?" that I grew suspicious.

He Did Quite Well.

Passengers smiled on his efforts to be polite and at last one kind-hearted lady rewarded the youngster with a sixpence. And presently the youngster began to talk. He couldn't have been more than five or six years old, and obviously he didn't realise exactly what he was doing, but he gave the whole show away. "Sometimes I get as much as a shilling!" he announced in a confidential tone to the whole of the omnibus.

Politeness Pays.

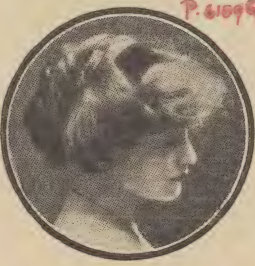
Then we led him on. "My mother says it's the thing to do now. She gets money for it sometimes." And little by little we learnt his story. The small boy appears to be sent out by his mother each day to ride in crowded omnibuses. He is instructed to offer his seat always, and—take what he can get. I have been inquiring among my friends since then, and I find that apparently this small boy is not the only one who is making money out of politeness.

Does He Offend?

So, as I said, the ill wind that blows crammed omnibuses to the travelling public is blowing some far-seeing mothers of innocent-looking small boys good in the form of a considerable income contributed in acknowledgment of small boys' "courtesy" by weary omnibus travellers. And, as far as I can see, the letter of the law is in no way transgressed so long as the small boy does not beg.

A Fine Faunt.

"Quite a lot of our legitimate actresses are deserting comedy and drama for revue. An example of this exodus is Miss Christine Silver, the talented young actress who is



Miss Christine Silver.

playing in "Business as Usual" at the Hippodrome. Miss Silver is famous as the girl who can faint most realistically on the stage. And fainting is almost a lost art amongst women.

The "Hi-You's."

Have you met a "Hi-You" yet? This is the name bestowed on the very newest of the new subalterns gazetted to certain battalions of Kitchener's Army. It alludes, of course, to the fact that seasoned subalterns of a few months' experience attract the newcomer's attention by the expression, "Hi, you!" And, believe me, the gulf which separates a major-general from a lance-corporal is narrow compared to the gulf separating the "Hi-You" from a haughty month-old second-lieutenant.

Landladies' Parades at Hastings.

To save time in billet-paying, a regiment of Kitchener's Army stationed at Hastings has instituted a "parade for landladies," I hear. At the sound of a bugle the ladies—armed with a penny stamp, and, in some cases, with spectacles—"fall in" at the school where the pay is given. It is asserted that the ordinary house-to-house visitation method of paying billets takes four officers the whole afternoon to pay the landladies of a single company, whereas the landladies' parade necessitates the services of a single officer for one hour only.

"The Sky Pilot."

That popular author of "The Sky Pilot," Ralph Connor, is, I see, sky pilot to one of the Canadian regiments. He is a man's man, and as Army chaplain should wield as much influence as his very successful books. The Rev. Charles W. Gordon, who has made his pen-name known throughout the Empire, is Scottish to the core. How Ralph Connor discovered his talent for novel writing is an interesting story. Before becoming a Presbyterian minister in Winnipeg he was a missionary among the lumbermen and miners of the Rockies.

How He Got His Name.

A friend, who was editor of a Canadian paper, invited the lumber-parson to write some of his experiences in the Rockies. Mr. Gordon put these in the form of fiction, and "Black Rock" gained instant popularity. The author's pen-name had a curious origin. Preferring to remain anonymous, he signed his first sketch "Connor"—derived from the Canadian North-West Missionary Society, to which he was attached. The editor mistook the name for Connor, and prefixed it with the now familiar "Ralph." To this quaint christening Mr. Gordon has remained faithful.

Father of Six.

In joining the Canadian Expeditionary Force Ralph Connor leaves behind a family of six, five of his children being girls. No Canadian novelist has a greater vogue with the English reading public. One of his first books was refused by many New York publishers as having "too much religion and too much temperance in it." A small edition was printed and sold so well that publishers were soon clamouring for a chance to "boom" the author. Of that one book alone more than 1,250,000 copies have now been printed.

Commercial Candour.

Advertisement in one of yesterday's papers: "High-class residential flats. Mostly healthy."

They Marry at Twelve.

I heard such interesting details yesterday afternoon from a Russian friend about the Lipowans and their curious ways that I am anxious to visit the Bzura. This is the river which the Russians have just crossed, and along its banks is to be found the Lipowan—a Slav-Rumanian who, by tribal tradition, always marries at twelve.

Gets Merry on Fruit Syrup.

Marriages are, of course, arranged by the parents, the youthful couple having little to say about it. After marriage they continue to live with the grown-ups for four or five years when the husband begins to think of getting work and home. One interesting detail about the Lipowan wedding feast is that it lasts a fortnight and that, as all of them are the strictest of teetotallers, the only drinks to be had are fruit syrups. Strange as it may seem, the guests keep merry despite a fourteen-day's debauch on raspberry syrup.

Beautiful as Ancient Greeks.

As handsome as a Lipowan, is a popular saying in Poland, and I am told that the female Lipowan is as beautiful as an ancient Greek statuette. The Lipowan always lives in cities, is always a fruiterer, and no matter how wealthy always has his shop in a basement. Further, the women's sole ornament consists of one or more strings of gold pieces of all countries, and it is by no means unusual to find a woman carrying £200 on her, all in current coin.

Football Reinforcements.

Our football reinforcements are coming along. The week-end posts brought help from as far afield as New York, from the Little Theatre in which city I received a money order for £2 16s. for footballs collected by Miss Bailey and Miss Allen, of "A Pair of Silk Stockings" company. The stage at home helped too, five footballs coming from Miss Maude Esmond, of the "Forty Thieves" company at the Hippodrome, Sheffield.

Straight from the Guns.

We are now finishing the seventeenth hundred, the total standing at 1,671, in addition to which we have the week-end reserves of money contributions, which will be turned into footballs to-day. But we are still on the defensive; the "boys" are attacking from every side. One merry gunner from the front writes: "As our sadder says he is unable to make us one, we are writing to you, straight from the guns, to ask for one that needs adopting." So send along reinforcements, please, and swell the glorious total.

THE RAMBLER.

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The Complexion Question

How to guard against injury to the complexion (the invariable result of the fickle wintry weather) is a much discussed question at the moment. Exhaustive tests have proved that Beetham's "LA-ROLA" is the surest preventive from any ill effects to the complexion from Frost or Winds. "LA-ROLA" prevents and removes all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, etc., and if applied regularly to the face and hands, the skin and complexion can be maintained in a perfectly healthy condition all the year round.

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UNRULY PETTICOAT BACK AGAIN.

Wider Skirt Brings Revival That
Many Women Dislike.

CHARMING SPRING COATS.

Paris, Feb. 6.

Chère Amie,—It seems to me that we divide our time between work for the soldiers and visits to the big dressmaking establishments. The new spring models are being shown just now, and some of them are quite lovely. People say that there is no very marked change of "ligne," but I think that Englishwomen will think otherwise.

We spent the autumn at Biarritz, and it is certainly true that wide skirts and jersey bodices were to be seen down there in October. But then Biarritz represented Deauville and Trouville and Paris all in one last autumn. Everything that had been created for the Deauville race week made its appearance on the Grand Plage at Biarritz. It was down there that the fashions of to-day were launched—the ultra-wide skirts and tight bodices and full petticoats.

Yes, it is true; petticoats have come into fashion again. Of this there can be no doubt. I do not mean to say that they are being largely worn at the present moment, but they are being made by all the big dressmakers and lingerie people.

When the summer season opens we shall all be wearing pleated under-skirts and chiffon petticoats trimmed with fine Valenciennes. Of course, intelligent women should have realised that such a change was inevitable, once wide skirts were "caught on," but a great many women did not believe in the revival of petticoats. I fancy that personal taste was father to the unbeliever. Women have become so accustomed to silk culottes that they cannot digest the idea of troublesome petticoats.

For your spring coat I recommend something like the model I have sketched. It was quite charming. Just a long, very full, and quite straight, coat made of navy blue serge, and trimmed with bias bands of velvet. The band at the hem of the coat was very wide and the cuffs were immense, the velvet reaching almost to the elbows. Then there was a smart collar of sailor design and the coat was fastened invisibly down the front.

Le dernier cri is a discreet mixture of navy blue serge and velvet or silk. The coat always forms the chief part of the dress, and then the velvet or silk is applied in bias bands, some very wide, and others comparatively narrow.—Always your devoted friend, NADINE.

GOEBEN—R.I.P.

MALTA, Feb. 6.—The Messageries steamer which arrived to-day has on board a number of English refugees from Constantinople, including Lady Woods, wife of Admiral Woods Pasha.

One of the English refugees stated that the damage sustained by the Goeben when she struck a Turkish mine was absolutely beyond repair—anyhow, in Constantinople. She has two big holes amidships and below waterline, and the ship is half flooded. —Reuter.

FAMOUS FOR HER HAIR.

Actress Tells How to Obtain It.

Madame Rose, the well-known American actress, who is especially noted for her long beautiful hair, in a recent interview in Chicago made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can promote the growth of their hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe which they can mix at home. To half a pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 4oz. of glycerine. Apply to the scalp two or three times a week with the finger tips. This is not only the finest hair grower I have ever known, but it prevents the hair from falling out, removes dandruff and scalp humours, darkens streaked, faded grey hair and makes it soft and glossy. The ingredients can be purchased at any chemists at very little cost." —(Advt.)

Just Like Other Men

(Continued from page 11.)

Derek was beginning to see the light. "You mean," he said, "you are selling yourself to pay his debts?"

"It comes to that," she answered bitterly. "It's noble of you," said Derek. "It's just the thing one would have expected you to do, but suppose I tell you that your sacrifice is not necessary?"

"What do you mean?" Jean spoke the words breathlessly, with an eagerness which showed him how fervently she was prepared to seize on the slightest hope of escape.

"I mean," replied Derek quietly, "that Lionel, knowing the unfortunate position in which you are placed, has brought the money down with him to release you."

"Oh no!" she cried. Derek knew by the splash of colour in her face and the twitching of her mobile mouth, how the shock of his words had shaken her; yet an instant later the pallor had returned and her lips set firmly in dogged refusal.

"I don't know how to thank you both," she said, "but it can't be."

"Why not?"

"Oh, it can't; it can't. The thing's gone too far."

"How too far?"

"I have given my word."

"And didn't you give your word to Lionel?"

"Yes, I know," she said miserably. "I can't explain. I only know it can't be. I must go through with it now."

Derek shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "I confess I don't understand women," he said. "Where's the logic of it? You have promised two men, both of whom are willing to release your father from his debt. Where's the difference? Why shouldn't you rather accept it from the man you love than from the man you don't?"

"Oh, I know it seems foolish to you, but that is the reason I can't accept it from Lionel because I love him."

Derek rose to go. "Well, I must leave you to argue that with Lionel. Why not come with me now and see him, and get it over?"

He saw her shrinking reluctance, and hastened to clinch his persuasion. "It's only fair to him to see him," he went on. "Besides, Miss Delaval, if you don't go and see him he will inevitably be here in an hour's time."

Jean bit her lip in perplexity. "I will come now," she said. "Where is he?"

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

"BURNT INTO MY BRAIN."

Miss Beatrice Harraden's Description of Starving Belgians' Plea for Bread and Salt.

"The words 'bread and salt' are burnt into my brain for the rest of my days."

So writes Miss Beatrice Harraden, the distinguished novelist, in an account of a recent visit to Rotterdam, where, in the offices of the Belgian Relief Committee, she got a deep insight into Belgium's need for food—for the bare necessities of life.

"The Belgians," she says, "are themselves helping through their splendid Comité National de Secours in every way within their power, but in some of our commonest resources are at an end, and it is very pathetic to read the letters of appeal for help from burgomasters and town councillors and sometimes priests, of which the following extract is typical:—

"In the name of humanity come to the help of our unhappy and most honest population, which is exhausted and deprived of all resources. In all this tragic record there is never a complaint, never an impatient outburst, but only a simple statement of facts."

"But although flour, rice, potatoes, peas, beans, wheat, sugar, wooden shoes, books, clothes, oil-cakes for the few remaining cattle, milk and salt are all asked for, what they beg for most of all are milk, bread and salt."

"One would think that this was little enough to ask; milk for the dying babies and feeble mothers, and bread and salt for the rest."

Miss Harraden vividly describes how bravely the captain of a ship with supplies for the Belgians hastened his journey to Rotterdam that relief might reach the sufferers sooner. She says:—

"There is a welcome telegram brought by the manager of the shipping department with news of the arrival of the Doris from Halifax twelve hours or so before her appointed time."

"And why twelve hours before? Well, we soon hear the answer from the captain himself, who had touched first at Plymouth to land other cargo there."

"We heard the Belgians were needing food badly," he said, "so instead of anchoring in the Downs overnight we came through in the dark and took our chance. It was rough weather, and there wasn't much to choose that I could see between striking a mine or having a mine strike us."

WANTS IT BOTH WAYS.

ROME, Feb. 7.—Wiring from the frontier, the Vienna correspondent of the *Giornale d'Italia* says that a Cabinet Council was held yesterday, at which the results of Count Burian's visit to the Kaiser were discussed, together with the question of compensation as the price of Italian and Rumanian neutrality.

The Cabinet found the results of Count Burian's trip satisfactory, but the question of compensation was left in suspense. Apparently Austria is still disinclined to consent to giving the Trentino to Italy and part of Transylvania to Rumania.—Exchange.

Count Burian is the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister.



BABY WILES.

Splendid Recovery after Measles

Baby WILES, of 42, Coleridge Avenue, Manor Park, was very weak and poorly after three weeks of measles. The mother tried all sorts of foods, but could get nothing to suit her baby until she fed her on Virol. Since taking Virol she has so improved that she won a prize at the East Ham Baby Show. Mrs. WILES says:—"Virol is the finest stuff there is for babies."

VIROL

Virolised Milk—a teaspoonful of Virol mixed with half-a-pint of warm (not hot) milk—is an ideal food for nervous exhaustion.

Used in 1,000 Hospitals and Sanatoria.

In Jars, 1/-, 1/8, and 2/11.

VIROL, Ltd., 152-166, Old Street, London, E.C.

S.H.B.

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE EQUAL TO NEW.

£30,000 of genuine high-class Second-hand Furniture, Carpets, Bedsteads, Bedding, and Entire Eff. etc. of the Hotel removed for convenience of sale by order of the liquidators.

NO REASONABLE OFFER WILL BE REFUSED FOR CASH ONLY.

Full particulars, with Photo Illustrated Catalogue, sent free on application. Goods selected at once will be stored free till required or delivered packed and forwarded to any part of the world.

THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.

CONTENTS OF 142 BEDROOMS.

Solid oak bed room suites, comprising levelled-edge glass door wardrobe, dressing chest, with drawers down front and large bevelled-edge mirror; ever, handsome marble-top washstand with china art tiles in back, fitted with large enameled under and towel rails at sides, and cane seat chairs to match. The suites complete offered at £3 17s. 6d. Solid oak bedsteads, fitted with spring mattresses, at 15s. complete. Large chests of drawers at 17s. 6d. China toilet sets, 2s. 6d. elegant design. Bed room carpets, 10s. 6d. Upholstered lounge easy chairs, 12s. 6d. Spring seat upholstered bed, ottomans, 14s. 6d. Solid oak overmantels of unique design, 15s. Elegant Adams design mirrors 9s. 6d.

THE DRAWING-ROOMS RECEPTION AND SMOKING-ROOMS.

comprising a splendid collection of modern and antique furniture, including a beautiful set of hand-carved black oak furniture, including glass-back sideboard with long canopy top with deep cupboard, under and roomy drawers, £6 15s. Six elegant small chairs, upholstered red leather with two majestic carved easy chairs to match, the set £15 17s. 6d. Splendidly-carved extending dining table, £3 7s. 6d. Marble top or mantel carved to match sideboard, 5ft. 6in. high, 4ft. 6in. wide, £2 17s. 6d. Four elegant small chairs, with cane seat, furnishing of a magnificent dining-room, £10 10s. will be accepted, or can be separated. Magnificent Turkey Administrator carpet, to be sold in pieces, £1 10s. 6d. compass piano, perfect touch and tone, by most eminent London makers, 14 guineas, as new, also a fine tone piano, in perfect condition, £10 15s. Exquisite oak canopies of eulery, containing lion, silver, by Mappin and Webb, complete, 40 pieces, guineas. Complete set of dining and morning-room furniture, comprising solid (laminated) oak sideboard, fitted with cupboards and drawers with bevelled edge plate-glass, £3 10s. 6d. Handsome overmantel to match sideboard, 25s.; six small chairs and two armchairs to match, solid oak, upholstered red leather, upholstered seats, £3 17s. 6d. And solid oak extending dining table, 36s. 6d.; or will accept for the entire room 10 guineas.

DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.

Comprising a quantity of elegant Chesterfield settees, ranging from 37s. 6d. and lounge easy chairs to match from 25s. A magnificent set of Chippendale design, comprising seven-piece suite, including settee, two easy chairs and four small stools covered with choice silk tapestry, £3 17s. 6d. Splendid large cabinet, fitted with glass back, £2 15s. Overmantel to match, with oval levelled plate-glass, 27s. 6d., and centre occasional table, £2 6d. Elegant oval silk mirror, with a large set of flowers, 10s. 6d. each. Several hundreds of carpets, quilts and new. Quantity of small chairs, with cane seats and Sheffield plate cutters and thousands of other items too numerous to mention in advertisement.

Send a postcard for Illustrated Catalogue, post free.

THE HIGHBURY FURNISHING CO'S (LTD.),

DEPOSITORIES,

EXACT CORNER PARK ST., UPPER-ST.

ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.

Hours: 9 till 5, Thursday close at 1.

Motor-Buses Nos. 4, 19, 20, 43, 43A, pass the door from Marie de Londe

LADY'S 'EXACT TIME'

GENT'S 'EXACT TIME'

A special offer of the New Marvellous Timekeeper. WATER

and TRAIN. The Gent's case (as illustrated). 'EXACT

TIME' Nickel Silver (or Oxidized)

Keyless Lever Watch, sent on approval, by return, post free, for 1/6.

After you receive or the watch and find it

is 'EXACT A WEEK' send 1/6 and it is yours

the next two weeks, and 6d.

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TARPAULIN WATER TROUGHS.



Provision made by cavalry in Flanders for watering their mounts. The troughs are made out of tarpaulin.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Queen and Serbian Fund.

Queen Mary has consented to become patroness of the Serbian Relief Fund.

Tending Heroes' Graves.

The care of the graves of British soldiers who have fallen in action is being undertaken by a special department of the British Red Cross Society.

Kaiserin's War Meals.

The Kaiserin, says the Berlin papers, only takes tea and one egg for breakfast, and soup, two courses and potatoes baked in their jackets for dinner.

No Belief in 13 Superstition.

The London County Council have just refused applications for the renumbering of three places numbered 13, the suggested alterations being 11a or 12a.

Two New M.P.s.

Two members of Parliament were elected unopposed on Saturday—namely, Mr. Hilton Young (L) for Norwich and Mr. T. J. Williams (L) for Swansea.

"75" Day in France.

Yesterday, says an Exchange Paris message, was "75" day, and thousands of models of the famous "75" gun are being sold to collect money for poor in France.

Putting out Big Willie's Eyes.

For putting out the eyes in a portrait of the Kaiser, says Ruter, a French prisoner of war in Hanover is stated to have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Strange Bargain-Fellows.

While two barges, named Tontou and Austrian, with Government stores, were berthed at the Royal Arsenal Jetty at Woolwich a third, named Hun, was discharging near by.

Reading of Pope's Peace Prayer.

The reading of the prayer for peace, written by the Pope for all the churches in Europe, formed part of the service yesterday in every Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain.

Rioting in Prague.

Sanguinary rioting and dynamite outrages have occurred at Prague (Bohemia), says the Central News, the population attacking the police after arrests of journalists and students.

Young Scotsmen's Chance.

Recruits under seventeen are wanted for the Scottish Engineers (I.F.), and application should be made any day between 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. or on Saturday afternoon at headquarters, 152, St. Paul's-road, Highbury, N.

Bishop's Anti-Night Club Protest.

"I want to see the night clubs done away with. They are disgraceful places, into which men are trapped when they should be preparing for war," said the Bishop of London, preaching yesterday at All Saints', Child's Hill.

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.

ENGLISH CUP.—Replayed Ties.—Birmingham (h) 3, Brighton and Hove 0; Millwall Ath. (h) 2, Bolton Wanderers 2; Newcastle United 2, Swansea (h) 0.
THIS LEAGUE.—Division 1.—Burnley (h) 4, Middlesbrough 0; Blackburn Rovers 3, Manchester City (h) 1; Chelsea (h) 3, Aston Villa 1; Liverpool 5, Everton (h) 1; Sheffield Wed. (h) 2, Oldham Athletic 2; Bradford City (h) 1, Sheffield United 1; West Bromwich A. (h) 1, Bradford 0; Sunderland (h) 1, Manchester United 0.
Division 2.—Blackpool (h) 5, Clepton Orient 1; Wolverhampton Wen. 4, Grimsby Town (h) 1; Derby County (h) 4, Hull City 1; Bury (h) 3, Leicester Fosse 1; Bristol City (h) 3, Barnsley 1; Line in City (h) 2, Stockport County 2; Preston N.E. (h) 2, Notts Forest 2; The Arsenal (h) 2, Leeds City 0; Glossop 1, Huddersfield Town (h) 0.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Division 1.—Crystal Palace (h) 4, Reading 1; Southampton (h) 4, Croydon Common 0; West Ham U. (h) 3, Southend United 1; Gillingham 0, Portsmouth 1; Northampton (h) 2, Bristol Rovers 0; Norwich City (h) 1, Swindon 1; Plymouth Argyle (h) 1, Queen's Park Rangers 1; Cardiff City (h) 1, Exeter City 0.
SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Celtic (h) 2, St. Mirren 1; Third Lanark (h) 1, Clyde 1; Partick 2, Dundee 1; Hearts 2, 3, Kilmarnock 1; Rangers (h) 3, Falkirk 0; Hamilton (h) 1, Hibernians 2; Partick (h) 2, Motherwell 1; Aberdeen (h) 2, Greenock 0; Arbroath (h) 4, Dumbarton 1; Ayr (h) 2, Queen's Park 1.

SELECTIONS FOR BIRMINGHAM.

1.50.—Sutton R'ch-as.—BEAUMONOR.
2.25.—Vardie H'rdle.—FULL STOP.
3.50.—Small Heath Hurdle.—BEACON FIRE.
3.20.—Savvy 5'ch-as.—THE BABE.
3.50.—Coventry 5'ch-as.—DESERT TROU.
4.20.—Gravelly Hurdle.—HARTMAN'S SELECTED.
DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
*FULL STOP AND THE BABE.
BOUVIERIE.

SANDWICH WINNERS AND PRIZES.

Race.	Price.	Winner.	Jockey.
1.50.—Sutton R'ch-as.	£3.3.	Beaumontor	Newey
2.25.—Vardie H'rdle.	£100-30	Full Stop	Dale
3.50.—Small Heath Hurdle.	£100-30	Beacon Fire	Dale
3.20.—Savvy 5'ch-as.	£100-30	The Babe	Dale
3.50.—Coventry 5'ch-as.	£100-30	Desert Trou	Dale
4.20.—Gravelly Hurdle.	£100-30	Hartman's Selected	Dale

(The figures in parenthesis indicate the number of starters.)

TO-NIGHT'S BOXING EVENTS.

Duke Lynch and Fred Haland meet to-night in the second eliminating contest at the National Sporting Club.

to find a successor to Kid Lewis as holder of the feather-weight belt.

At the Ring, the chief contest is a twenty-round bout between Nick Simpson and Sid Burns.

At Taplow Court on Saturday Private H. Green (4th Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment) won the five mile race, followed by the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Association in 23m. 16 4-5s.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN THE PRICE OF TEETH DURING THE WAR.

Famous West-End Dental Surgeries Make a Wonderful Offer to the Public.

COMPLETE SET OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH THAT ARE A REVELATION OF NEATNESS AND NATURAL BEAUTY FOR

15/-

The publication of the prices at which the very best class of dental work is to be executed by the Williams' Dental Surgeries during the whole time the war lasts, has come as a thunder-bolt to high-priced dentists. It sounds the death-knell to the exorbitant prices which the public have hitherto been compelled to pay.

This is now, therefore, the opportunity for all who require teeth extracted, filled or replaced, but who have refrained from having this done on account of the extortionate prices demanded, especially now that the war has made economy strictly necessary. Hundreds of people have already taken advantage of these astonishingly reduced prices for the very best class of dental work. They are as follows:—

Painless Extraction of Teeth	1s. 0d.
Extraction Under Gas	2s. 0d.
Decayed Teeth Stopped	2s. 0d.
Single Artificial Tooth	2s. 0d.
Complete Set of Artificial Teeth from	15s. 0d.
Gold Filling	10s. 6d.

Gold Crowns equally cheap.
Bridge and Bar Work a Speciality.

Single Teeth 2/-
Complete Set 15/-
1/- Teeth Painlessly Extracted

REPAIRS WHILE YOU WAIT.

Pay a visit to the Williams' Dental Surgeries and have your teeth put in order by skilful and scientific experts. Even if you require a complete new set this can be done for you within four hours of your first visit. Country patients should particularly make a note of this. The Williams' Dental Surgeries are situated in the most accessible parts of London. Call and have your teeth examined—FREE. There is no charge for advice.

Country Patients can have their teeth extracted and can be fitted and supplied with new ones on the same day.

Williams
DENTAL SURGERIES
18 & 20,
OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.
(Next door to Oxford Music Hall).
141,
NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, S.E.
293, Gray's Inn Rd., King's Cross.
Hours: 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Height Increased 3 to 5 INCHES IN THREE MONTHS

By adopting my simple system. No apparatus. No Medicines. Ordinary Habits retained. Send three penny stamps for particulars to

PROFESSOR PROWSE.
Specialist in Height Increase.
Dept. D.M., CROFTON, England.
N.B.—Ladies should send three penny stamps for my Height & Beauty Course.

RESTORE THE VOICE WITH
EVANS' PASTILLES
Invaluable for throat and voice, affording instant relief.
Sole Manufacturers—
EVANS, SONS, LUSCHER & WEBB, LTD.,
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

YOU SAVE POUNDS
For the trifling sum of 10/6 we deliver this very handsome full trichord 'GOLD MEDAL' British-made Piano to your door, packed free and carriage paid, and the balance can be remitted by low monthly instalments to suit your own convenience. We are the largest piano and organ firm in the world, and not only guarantee to save you POUNDS if you buy direct from us, but offer you a much wider choice of instruments and more liberal terms of payment than you can obtain elsewhere.
CRANE, COLLARD, BRINSMEAD, and ALL other celebrated pianos supplied at bargain prices and on terms of payment to suit the pocket of every purchaser. Organs from 6/- monthly. We take old instruments in part exchange, refund railway fares to patrons, allow approval, tune for 12 months free and give a 25 years guarantee.
Several Agents wanted.
149, Oxford St., W. Scotland Rd., Liverpool.
Write for List 3s.
Branches in all the principal towns.

Monday, February 8, 1915.

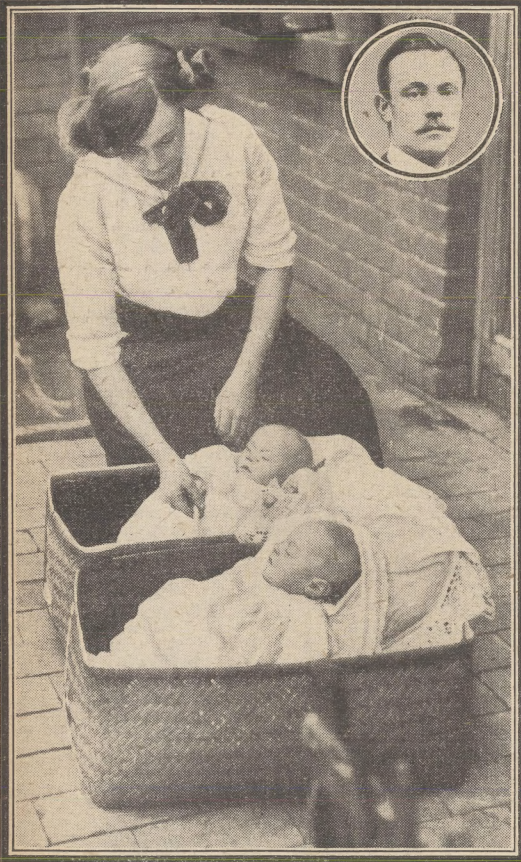
The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

NEW READERS seeing the OVERSEAS WEEKLY EDITION of "The Daily Mirror" for the first time, and wishing to secure future copies regularly, should either place an order with their newsagent for a copy every Friday, Price 3d., or send us a subscription.
Subscription rates (prepaid), post free, to Canada for six months 10s.; elsewhere abroad 15s.; special rate to Expeditionary Force 6s. 6d. for thirteen weeks.
Address—Manager, "Overseas Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

REQUEST FROM THE TRENCHES.

P. 16973



The twin sons of Private A. Matthews photographed with their mother, Mrs. Matthews. They were born on August 22, and their father, then fighting for his country in France, wrote to *The Daily Mirror* asking us to photograph his twins, so that he might see them. In circle, Private Matthews, of the Coldstream Guards.

TAKING THE WATER JUMP AT SANDOWN.

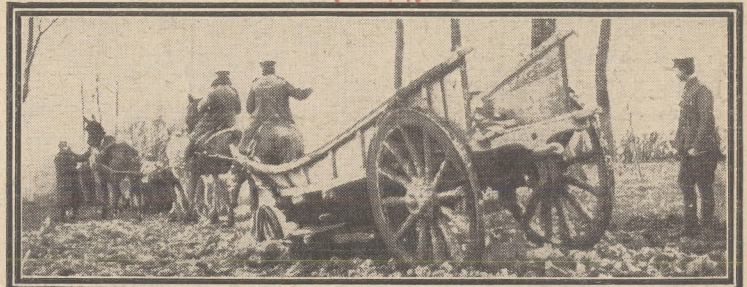
Spot-147E



Taking the water jump in the Prince of Wales's Handicap Steeplechase at Sandown Park on Saturday. The race was won by Lord Suffolk's Father Confessor. Many soldiers were present at Sandown and they thoroughly enjoyed a splendid day's racing.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

HEAVY TRANSPORT WORK IN SEAS OF MUD.

P. 331 A.



Only those who have experienced it can appreciate what it has meant to all forms of transport in Flanders during the heavy rains of the past few months. Our troops are seen here having to put down wagonloads of bricks to get a foothold.

THE LITTLE LADY OF THE HAMBLETON HUNT ENJOYS A DAY OUT WITH HER PETS.

P. 16969



With the tiny terriers.



Terriers do a little rattling.



A hatful of puppies.



Little Vera with her pets.

Little Miss Vera Roak, the six-year-old daughter of the Hambleton huntsman, exercises the hounds every day. The men are away fighting.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs).